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## THE HAUNTED HOUSE A Romance

# THE HAUNTED HOUSE BY THOMAS HOOD ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AUSTIN DOBSON 



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## INTRODUCTION

The Hounted House is pathetically connected with the close of its author's life. It belongs to the period comprised in the final pages of those simple and unaffected Memorials by his son and daughter, which-until, from the pen of the Master of the Temple or some one equally capable, we are furnished with an ampler and a more critical biographymust remain the chief record of Thomas Hood. It was in the May of I 845 that he died; and The Haunted House was probably composed in the last months
$\therefore$ INTRODUCTION
of is $S_{+j}$, when he was already a doomed man, though still struggling gallantly, in spite of crerything, to carry on his literary pursuits. Alrcady; for screral ycars past, his condition had becn more or less critical. He suffered from heart discase, and periodic hxmorrhage of the lungs, combined with minor ailments; all of which, according to his faithful friend and physician, Dr. William Elliot, had been aggravated by the necessity that he should, in all circumstances and "at all times continue his literary labours, being under engagements to complete cortain works within a stated period." In the train of insomnia had come its attendant troubles, depression and cxhaustion, and these
again had increased his malady;"bringing on renewed attacks, and reducing him to such a state that he had been rendered utterly incapable of mental effort." These quotations are from a letter of I 840 , but they represent with even more accuracy his condition in 1843 . Yet his cndurance, his courage, his buoyancy, and his cheerful spirit kept him active almost to the end. Several times during the progress of his last enterprise, his friends, of whom happily he scems to have had no lack, were obliged to make fresh excuses for the absence of his familiar pen. Now and then a little drawing, exccuted with difficulty in his sick bed, did duty for the defaulting pages of prose or verse ; and many of
his later papers were dietated to his wife -that kind and loving nurse who for so brief a space survived her husband -in the intervals of terrible paroxysms of pain. The moment he could return to work he did so, pouring out his "whims and odditics," scrawling off admirable letters to childish farourites, or drawing up eloquent appeals to those in power on behalf of the poor and the oppressed. And strangely enough, to this period of his life belong not only The Haunted House, but two more of his most successful and enduring poetical efforts, The Song of the Shirt and The Bridge of Sighs.

The Song of the Shirt came out anonymously in the Christmas Number
of Pumch for IS43, and its instantancous and extraordinary popularity is matter of history. But The Hounted House and Tle Bridge of Sighs both appeared in that ill-starred and short-lived serial Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany'. The three volumes of this are now so rarely to be found, and it is, more. over, so intimately connected with its Editor's final struggle with that "long discasc," his life, that before proceeding to the main cluty of this "Introduction," it may be worth while to give some account of it. A periodical which, in addition to the beautiful Stanias-"Farewell, Life! My senses swim," inclucles, not only two of Hood's best pieces, but half a dozen of

## INTRODUCTION

Robert Browning's Dramatic Lyrics and Romancis, two or three poems by Keats, a poem and a conversation by Walter Sarage Landor, and contributions by Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), "Barry Cornwall" (B. W. Procter), the Hon. Mrs. Norton, G. H. Lewes, and G. P. R. James,-to say nothing of a humorous epistle from Charles Dickens, -scarcely deserves to fall into complete oblivion. Its prospectus, which was issued at the end of i843, was in Hood's best manner, bristling of course with wit and puns, and betraying not the least indication of the writer's miserable state of health. There was to be a total abstinence from the stimulating topics and fermented ques-
tions of Politics and Polemics, it said, but "for the Sedate there would be papers of becoming gravity ; and the lover of loctry would be supplied with numbers in each Number." "It would aim at being merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwisc." "A critical cye was to be kept on current Literature, -a regretful one on the Drama, and a kind one on the Fine Arts, from whose Artesian well there would be an occasional drawing."

More than half of the first number, which was published in January with, for those days, considerable success, ( 1,500 copies being sold), was contributed by Hood himself. The frontispiece was an excecclingly good stecl engraving by J. Cousen, after Thomas Creswick,
R.A., of The Herunted House; and it is quite possible that the original picture, which, we are told, was never in Hood's possession, supplied the initial suggestion for the poem it was employed to decorate. There were other rerses by the Editor in the first part, which also included a metrical description, by an anonymous hand, of Hogarth's Rake's Progress,-a description scarcely to be described as an improvement on Hoadly's contemporary rerses. The start which the magazine obtained was, however, speedily obstructed by the usual financial difficultics. The proprictor turned out to be a man of straw; who had been tempted into the speculation by the Editor's name, but was without suf-
ficient capital to float the enterprise. After changing printers twice, Hood managed to get out the second number, which opened with another of his more serious poems, The Lady's Dream, -the title, by the way, of one of Stothard's water-colour designs in the William Smith Bequest at South Kensington. Hood's Lady's Dream. however, - notable for the couplet,
$"$ Evil is wrought by want of Thought
As well as want of Heart,"-
was illustrated by himself, with some obvious assistance from its engraver, Samucl Williams, and it had also an exceedingly picturesque tail-piece of a "Church Porch," the "scene of Gray's Elegy," which, from the initials "T.C.,"
was apparently by Creswick. Among Hood's colleagues in this part were Charles Mackay and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the latter of whom had offered to assist out of "vencration to the author of the Song of the Sliort." In No. III. again, the initial poem, The Key: a Moorish Romence, was editorial ; but the most ambitious contribution was a blank verse treatment by Mackay of that theme of the death of Pan which, in this same year, Mrs. Browning also handled so supremely.

Other "numbers in the Numbers" that succeeded were by Samucl Lover and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. In Part V., after a Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood from Dickens, came The Bridge of

Sighs and the beginning of the Editor's unfinished novel, Our Family. In the next part Browning arrived to the rescue with The Laboratory and Claret and Tokoy', which two latter picces (supplemented by Beer) figure in his works under the title of Nationality in Drinks. These contributions he afterwards followed up by Garden Fancics, The Boy and the Angel, The Tomb at St. Praxed's, and The Flight of the Duchess. Apparently this assistance was procured for the magazine by Milnes, to whose good offices is no doubt also due the song of Old Meg, which Keats was stated to have written during his tour in Scotland in ISIS, and which made its first appearance in No. VI., heralding

Nvi IN゙TRODUCTION
one or two other minor pieces from the same pen. But before the first volume was finished, work and worry had again brought Hood to the brink of the grave. "During several days," says an announcement at the end of the number for June, " fears were entertained for his life." But he had rallicd, and was recovering, though slowly,-in earnest of which he sent forth from his sick chamber two little sketches bearing unmistakable traces of the disadvantages under which they had been produced. One, Hood's Mag, was a magpie in a hawk's hood; the other, an "arrangement" of blisters, leeches, and physic bottles, symbolised and cxpressed The Editor's Apologies.

It is needless to describe in detail the contents of the two remaining rolumes. Apart from Browning's poems, the most important of the pieces that followed were Landor's Prayer of the Bees for Alcipluron, and the dialoguc (in prose) between Dante and Beatrice, whilc in the number for November, I $S_{44}$, figured a Death of Clytemmestra by Bulwer Lytton, also but recently recovered from illness. Our Family dragged on to its twenty-third chapter; but with the exception of the Lay of the Labourer and the stanzas beginning "Farewell, Life!" already referred to, nothing else of importance came from the Editor himsclf. His last prose contribution was a Note from my Note Book, in which he called
xviii INTRODUCTION
attention to the curious fact that Collins's Ode to Eiening is but one unbroken sentence: his last metrical effort, a not rery remarkable epigram on Lord Brougham. This latter appeared in the March number of Vol. II.. the frontispiece to which was the engraving by $F$. A. Heath (familiar in the old editions of Hood's poems) of his bust by Edward Davis. The same March number announced that he was "more seriously ill than cien he had crer been before." In April the hopeless character of his malady was definitely announced. He lingered, howerer, for a month longer, dying, as he said, "inch by inch," but tranquil, resigned, and affectionate as of old. The end came at last on the 3 rd of May, 1845 .

It has already been hinted that The Haunted House may have been first prompted by Creswick's picture, for which the artist's name was no doubt the same. Indecd, the motto from Wordsworth prefixed to the poem is just such an one as might be cxpected in an Exhibition Cataloguc. But eren if this conjecture be well founded, the result is only to increase onc's sense of the extraordinary fertility of fancy which has accumulated around a suggestive title such a succession of images of solitudc and dccay;-such a brooding horror of ancestral crime and desolation. It is true that to-day the manner of the work is a little in the melodramatic taste of the fortics and

Ni INTRODUCTIO.
fifties, but it is not the less ghostly on that account. And in this connection, it may be observed that an acute and accomplished critic of poctry; the poct Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, has been careful to notice a certain similarity between Hood's method in rerse and some of Dickens's cognate pictures in prose. Mr. Stedman instances, for cxample, the touch of kinship between the old Hall in The Haunted House and " the shadowy grand-staircase in the Dedlock mansion" or " Mr. Tulkinghorn's chamber [in Lincoln's Inn Fields], -where the Roman points through loneliness and gloom to the dead body on the floor." Dickens had no need to borrow from any one ; but, as we have seen, he had
himself contributed to Hood's Magazine, and it may well be that something of its opening verses had lingered in his memory, though there are ten ycars between them and the publication of Bleak House in 1853 . But in recalling Mr. Stedman's attractive pages, we must not forget that the most steadfast admirer of this poem-upon which the sympathetic pencil of Mr. Herbert Railton has here lavished its wealth of ingenious interpretation-was also an Amcrican poet and critic. It is to The Haunted House that Edgar Allan Poe devotes the entire final paragraph of his review of Hood. In all probability no more keenly perceptive analyst of this particular effort could be found than
the author of The Raven, and for this reason we shall take leave to close this preface by quoting his "appreciation" with a minimum of excision. After saying that he prefers The Haunted House to any composition of its author, he goes on: "It is a masterpiece of its kindand that kind belongs to a very lofty-if not to the very loftiest order of poetical literature. . . . Not the least merit of the work is its rigorous simplicity. . . . The thesis is one of the truest in all poetry. As a mere thesis it is really difficult to conceive anything better. The strength of the poet is put forth in the invention of traits in keeping with the ideas of crime, abandonment, and ghostly visitation. Every legitimate art is brought in
to aid in conveying the intended effects ; and (what is quite remarkable in the case of Hood) nothing discordant is at any point introduced. He has here very little of what we have designated as the fantastic-little which is not strictly harmonious. The metre and rhythm are not only in themselves adınirably adapted to the whole design, but, with a true artistic feeling, the poet has prescrved a thorough monotone throughout, and renders its effect more impressive by the repetition (gradually increasing in frequency towards the finale) of one of the most pregnant and effective of the stanzas:

> - O'e all there hung a shadow and a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!' him immortal."

Austin Dobson.

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The Haunted Houle

## The Haunted House A Romance

Part I

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreains, Unnatural, and full of contradictions; ret others of our moot romantic schemes Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground; It might be merely by a thought's expansion; But, in the spirit or the flesh, I found An old deserted Manson.

## The Haunted House

A refidence for woman, child, and man, A dwelling place, -and yet no habitation; A House, -but under some prodigious ban Of Excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung, Farr'd by the gufty gales of many winters, That from its crumbled pedestal had flung One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threfhold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof-no household creatureNo cat demurely dozing on the wallNot one domeftic feature.

## The Haunted Houle

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,
No face looked forth from shut or open casement;
No chimney smoked-there was no sign of Home From parapet to bafement.

With shatter'd panes the grafly court was starr'd:
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after! And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear; A senje of myftery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

## The Haunted House

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed, Roles with thiftles struggled for espial, And vagrant plants of parafitic breed, Had overgrown the Dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm, No heart was there to heed the hour's duration; All times and tides were loft in one long term Of stagnant defolation.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough; And on the lawn, -within its turfy mound,The rabbit made his burrow.

## The Haunted House

The rabbit wild and grey, that fitted thro'
The shrubby clumps, and frifk'd, and sat, and vanifh'd
But leifurely and bold, as if he knew His enemy was banifh'd.

The wary crow, - the pheafant from the woodsLull'd by the still and everlafting sameness, Close to the manfion, like domeftic broods, Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond, Befide the water-hen, so soon affrighted; And in the weedy moat the heron, fond Of solitude, alighted.

## The Haunted House

The moping heron, motionless and stiff, That on a stone, as silently and stilly, Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away, The ringing of the witwall's shrilly laughter, Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay, That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue; Some weighty crime that Heaven could not pardon, A secret curse on that old Building hung And its deserted Garden.

## The Haunted House

The beds were all untouclid by hand or tool; No footstep mark'd the damp and molly gravel, Each walk as green as is the mantled pool, For want of Human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple ;
And on the kanker'd tree, in eafy reach, Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shumn'd the ground, The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher, In spite of gaps that throb' the fences round Invited the encroacher.

## The Haunted House

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass; The mould was purple with unheeded showers Of bloomy plums-a Wilderness it was Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The gourd embraced the rofe-bufh in its ramble;
The thistle aid the stock together grew,
The hollyhock and bramble.

## The Haunted House

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbour, The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced Of human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had train'd To such a rigid pyramidal stature, For want of trimming had almoft regained The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was a-dry-neglect and time Had marr'd the work of artifan and majon, And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime, Sprawled in the ruin'd bafon.

The Haunted House

The Statue, fallen from its marble base, Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten, Lay like the Idol of some bygone race, Its name and rites forgotten.

On every side the aspect was the same, All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn and savage:
No hand or foot within the precinct came To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of myftery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

## The Haunted House

## Part II

O very gloomy is the House of Woe, Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling, With all the dark solemnities which show That Death is in the dwelling.

O very, very dreary is the room Where Love, domestic Love, no longer neftes, But, smitten by the common stroke of doom, The Corpse lies on the treftles!

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall, The narrow home of the departed mortal, Ne'er look'd so gloomy as that Ghoftiy Hall, With its deserted portal!

## The Haunted House

The centipede along the threfhold crept, The cobweb hung acrofs in mazy tangle, And in its winding sheet the maggot slept, At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood, The emmets of the steps had old polfefron, And marched in search of their diurnal food In undifturb'd proceflion.

As undifturb'd as the prehensile cell Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tiffue, For never foot upon that threshold fell, To enter or to iJfue.

## The Haunted House

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whipper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

Howbeit, the door I puffid-or so I dream'dWhich slowly, slowly gaped, -the hinges creaking With such a rusty eloquence, it seem'd That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within the Manson old, Or left his tale to the heraldic banners, That hung from the corroded walls, and told Of former men and manners:-

## The Haunted House

Thole tatter'd flags, that with the open'd door, Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember, While fallen fragments danced upon the floor, Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out, -bird after bird, The screech-owl overhead began to flutter, And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard Some dying victim utter!

A shriek that echo'd from the joifted roof, And up the stair, and further still and further, Till in some ringing chamber far aloof It ceased its tale of murther!

## The Haunted How fe

Meanwhile the tufty armour rattled round, The banner shudder'd, and the ragged streamer; All things the horrid tenor of the sound Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helinet hung, and belt, Stirred as the tempest stirs the foreft branches, Or as the stag had trembled when he felt The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame, And throb' its many gaps of deftitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came. Like those of diffolution.

## The Haunted House

The woodlouse dropp'd, and roll'd into a ball, Touclid by some impulse occult or mechanic, And nameless beetles ran along the wall In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead Hung like a spy on human guilt and error, Suddenly turn'd and up its slender thread Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall ASSuming features solemn and terrific, Hinted some Tragedy of that old Hall, Lock'd up in hieroglyphic.

## The Haunted House

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore among f tho fe flags so dull and livid, The banner of the Bloody Hand shone out So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inforutable appeal, Which made the very frame of Nature quiver; And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of myftery the spirit daunted; And said, as plain as whipper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

## The Haunted House

If but a rat had linger'd in the house, To lure the thought into a social channel! But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.
Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept; And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly, The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there, Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal;
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,The snail upon the settle.

## The Haunted House

The floor was redolent of mould and muff,
The fungus in the rotten seams had quicken'd;
While on the oaken table coats of $d u f t$
Perennially had thicken'd.
No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
No cup -no horn -no hospitable token,-
All social ties between that board and Man
Had long ago been broken.
There was so foul a rumour in the air, The shadow of a presence so atrocious:
No human creature could have feafted there, Even the oft ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

## The Haunted House

## Part III

'I 'is hard for human actions to account, Whether from reason or from impulse onlyBut some internal prompting bade me mount The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold, With odours as from bones and relics carnal, Deprived of right, and consecrated mould, The chapel vault or charnel.

## The Haunted House

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended, The mind, with dark mifgivings, feared to guess How many feet ascended.

The tempeft with its spoils had drifted in, Till each unwholefome stone was darkly spotted,. As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin, With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick-and in the upper gloom The bat-or something in its shape-was winging: And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb, The Death's-Head moth was clinging.

## The Haunted House

That myftic moth, which, with a sense profound Of all unholy presence, augurs truly; And with a grim significance fits round The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be, At every crooked turn, or on the landing, The straining eyeball was prepared to see Some Apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, A sense of myftery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

## The Haunted House

Set no portentous Shape the sight amazed; Each object plain, and tangible, and valid; But from their tarnifh'd frames dark Figures gazed, And Faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies Within the compass of Art's simulation; Their souls were looking throb' their painted eyes With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt; On every brow the burthen of affliction; The old Anceftral Spirits knew and felt The House's malediction.

## The Haunted House

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or siglid, or wept, or spoken;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.
No other sound or stir of life was there, Except my steps in solitary clamber, From flight to fight, from humid stair to stair, From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state, That old magnificence had richly furnifh'd With pictures, cabinets of ancient date, And carvings gilt and burnifid.

## The Haunted House

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art With Scripture hiftory, or claffic fable; But all had faded, save one ragged part, Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The ilent waste of mildew and the moth Had marred the tiffue with a partial ravage; But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller:
But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely out With vehemence of colour!

## The Haunted House

The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain Shone on the dufy floor, a dismal token, Projected firm the casement's painted pane, Where all befide was broken.

The Bloody Hand significant of crime, That glaring on the old heraldic banner, Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time, In such a wondrous manner.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, Aid said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

## The Haunted House

The Death Watch tick'd behind the panelled oak, Inexplicable tremors shook the arras, And echoes strange and mystical awoke, The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread, But throb' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly, The while some secret infpiration said, That Chamber is the Ghostly!

Acrofs the door no goffamer feftoon Swung pendulous -no web-no dusty fringes, No silky chrysalis or white cocoon About its nooks and hinges.

## The Haunted House

The spider shumn'd the interdicted room, The moth, the beetle, and the fly were-banifh'd, And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom The very midge had vanifh'd.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed, As if with awful aim direct and certain, To show the Bloody Hand in burning red Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet $n \mathrm{no}$ gory stain was on the quiltThe pillow in its place had slowly rotted; The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt, Those boards obscurely spotted.

## The Haunted House

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence With mazy doubles to the grated casementOh what a tale they told of fear intense, Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel diftance? Had sought the door, the window in his fight, Striving for dear exiftence?

What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room Its mortal frame had violently quitted? Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom, A ghostly Shadow fitted.

## The Haunted House

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall, But painted on the air so very dimly, It hardly veiled the tapeftry at all, Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of myftery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!


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## The Introctution 1 y



might be only on enchanled Eground; It might be merely by a tharefity expangion, (D):t, wi the spmit or the fiesh, I fornd (3) An ald degertect Mansion.

4 residence for woman, child, and man,
(4) dwelling -place, and yet no habitation; \&House,-but under some prodicirys ebon


Nive mhinged fhe lron gुates half apen hing,
Jarrd, by the çivty ģales of many winter.
Qhat from its crumbled pedetal had flung 5 (ene marble sglobe 12 Jplintery.
e『o docij was at the threghold, cुreat or mall; pigjen on the roof - no hoychold creature No cat denurely durzines on one dometic featrie.



No humon ficure sturid to gुo or come,
(3) face lockid ferth from shut or open cosement, a chimney smoked - there was no sisn uy Home Grom porapet to basement.

Wilh shatterd panes the Eुrossy court was starr'd: Tr he time-worn copinc,-stone had ivmbled affer! © And thro' the raçiced roug the sky shone, barrd. With noked beam and rafter


Neßer all thee hrineg a foodin and a fear.
ef sense of nuystery the spirt dounted. Gand sad os plain aj whiseer in the car, il Qhe doce is Hzunied.

The pown gyew wild and routhy of the weed Quges with thitles streseded for espial.
(0) And vacigant poonis uf parayilic breed.

Bod averegram the Dial.

equal cay or dummy, steadfast or infirm,
© Yo hent was there to heed the hours deviation:
MIl times ane s.
(All times and tides were lott in ane lone fern

(One wren had built with en the Porch sin found
Ifs quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
(C) And on The lawn, - with ne its turf mound.The rabbit mande his burrow


She rabbit wis and grey. That flitted thru She shrubby clumps, and frisked, and gat. and! vanished
Bul leisurely and bold, as if he knew a rill! an


Cifhe wory crow,- the phegrant from the woods Julld by the still and evertastug someness, ©luse to the mangion, like domeglic brocels, Ked with a "Shocking tameeness."

The cociz was swimming in the reedy puid.
(e) Sesicle the water-hen. so soon afrachted:

Qna in ffe weedy m
最 $f$ solivide, alichted

Gihe mopinc, heron, motionlesg arid
elood, an apparent sentinel, as if

(ou) guard the water-lily.


Do sound way heard except, from far away.
The ringing of the wittwall's shrilly laughter.
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
Chat The murmer'd

 e one weichity crime, that feaven could nort pordon, c厽 secret curge an that ald. Building hund
(1) FInd its Tejeried Couclen.

Ene beds were all minouchicl by hand or tool.
Pa footsteps marked the damp and mossy gravel (each walls as green as is the mantledipool.


The vane unpruned, and the riedected pe ad
Dooupd from the wat wi which they inject te Aropale
find on the hanker tree, in easy reach Doited Re Egelden apple,

But awfully the front shamed the Eyrovid,
 he vagrant kept aloof, and 'daring poachers' In spite of gaps that thrice the fences round Invited the encroacher.

or aver all there humic, a cloud of fear.
OAf sense of mystery the spit daunted, And said, of plain of whisper in the car.




The mould was purple with unheeded fhowwh fat
© blowzy plums - a Wilderness it was
$0 f$ fruits, and weeds, and flowers!
$\widetilde{C}$
he maviegcld amidst the nettles blew The gourd embraced the roge-bugh ind its ramie

(he holly-hock aud bramble


- The bear-bune with the lilac interlaced. The sturdy burdock choked its slender The spicy pink All tokens were effaced (2) human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had iranis © Io such a rigid pyramidal. stature


Ihe Lountann way a-diy - neeglect and lime Tulad marid Re work of artigan and mafon,
 $\int$ pramid in fhe rumid kagon


The fiatue, fallon from its
Slmidyt the refure leaves, and hernace Fatan

Iig name and nites

On eviry side the appect was fre same.
Gll ruin'd, desolate, forlorin and savacie
CWhand or fect withun the precinct came Tils rectijg or ravagje.


0
TOO ever all there hung a clouet of fear.
FA sense of mystery the joint claunted,
And gard, as plan of whisper in the car, The place is Haunted



(1) very gloomy is the Hovje of Woe,

WP here teary are fouling while the bell is knelling,
Ruth al! the dark solemnities which Show What Death is in the dwelling.very, very dreary is the room

* here There domestic Inve, no longer er nestles.

Dui smitten by the common stroke of dorm. The $G$ arose lies an the trestles!

Cout Hause of Wore, and hearje, and säble poll.
She namow home of the departed mortal,

- eier look'd so sjoomy, as hets Contly (all, C(Clit? its degerted purtar:
© he centipede along the threshold crept. The cobweb hung across in mazy toneme. a Find in its windier sheet the margent slept. effort every nock and angle

0
The keythole lougried the earwitg and her broud.
Whe emmety of the seps had sule possession: © Alnd marched in search of therr dimmal food In undigturbed procesjion?
(O2) undifturbed as the prehengile cell
Of math ar magent, ar the spidar tigsue, For never foot upon that threstold fell, (1) enter or to issue.

Oer all there hunk the Jhadow cof a feor,
(3) Finge of mystery the spirit dounted, A Snd joid ay plain oy whitper in the eor, he place is $\square$




INowbeit, the door I pughid - or so I cream'd Whych slowly. slowly giaped, - the haneies creakine © With juch a rusty eloquence, it seemed Thel Iime himself was speaking

But (line way dumb with
Oi left his tole to the heraldic bamerer.
What hung from the corroded walls, and fold $0 f$ former men and manners.

Chose tattered floss, that with the operid door, Seemed the old wave of battle to remember. "IX hilt fallen fromenty danced upon the flow, Dike dead leaves in December

The startled bats flew cut, - bred after bird. The screch-owl overhead bogon to flutter,
© Ind seemed to mock the cry that She hod heard Dome dyne victim utter:
(1) Ahrok that echo'd foun the joijted roof,

Anct up the starn, and further still anaid furthers fill
©(ill in jome ringing chamber far aloci
\#t ceaged its tale of murther !

Meanmite the
rusty
 "he bamer shudder'd. and the racied streamer,
(E) Il thing the horrad iener of the jound A ctrnuwlecteg wif a tremor.

O
(1) he antlers, where the helmet hung, and belt, Stride as the tempest stir the forest branches, Or of the store had trembled of he felt The bloodhound at his haunches.
$\xrightarrow{2}$
Whe windew juneded in ity crumbled frome
And thro' its mony ginas of dectitution. Dolarcus monary and kollow jighingey came:
Alike thove of digrolution


The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball. Icuch'd by some impulse occult or mechanic: © And nameless beetles ran along the wall, In universal! panicle


Que subtle spider, hat for overhead
Sung like a Spy un human gnat wand error, Suddenly furn'd and up its Sender thread


The very stains and fractures on the wall $\bigcirc \stackrel{\rightharpoonup}{\text { Assuming g features solemn and terrific. }}$ Tinted some (raved of that dad Ra!!, Tock'cl up in hieroglyphic

Some tale that might, perchance, hove solved the doubt, WW/herefore amongst those flag es so dull dina livid, The bonner of the BLoODY IS AND: shone out $\int 0$ cminouidy vivid.

Some key to that mycrutable appecil.
© Which made the very frame of Nature quiver; find curry thrilling nerve and fie feel So ague-like a shiver at


For aver all there hung a cloud of fear vil?
© flense of mystery the spirit daunted?
(Find said, of plain of whisper in the car
©(I) he place is ]a[aunted

If but a rat had lingered in the house, Go lure the thought into a social chanel!
But not a rot remand or thy mouse, fard
Too squeak behind the


Find where the cricket used to chap go shrilly. "He toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
(On that damp hearth aid chilly

EOn years no cheerful! blaze had sparkled there, Or danced on coot of buff or knightly metal; The shin way crawling on the vacant chap. The snot! upon the settle
(he floor was recklent of mould and must, The fungus in the rotten seams had quacken'd; While on the oaken table coats of dust Perennially had thicken'd.


C Jo mark of leathern jack or metal caus.
Mo cup - no home - no hospitable token© All social lies between that beard and Plan Glad loners ago been broken

Where was so foul a rumour in the arr. The shadow of a presence jo atrocious Q Yo human creature could have feasted there. $G_{a}$ ven the most ferocious


Q A cuse of mystery the spirit dounted
ufind jald as plan of whisper, in the eor. (Whe iace y hounted!


But sume internal promptus bade me monumt Whe eldomy stairs and lonedy.

Whose Eldmeny fairs, so dark, so damp, so cold With odours as form bones and relies carnal, Deprived of right and consecrated mould, Q he chapel volt and charnel

(II hose dreary stairs, where with the
Of every step so many echoes blendeci The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess Bow mons y feet ascended.
(The tempest with its Spoils had diffed un, [ill each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted - Sr thickly as the leopard's stapled skin, Cull e leaves that rankly rotted

The ail was thick－and in the upper golem The bat－or something in its shape－was winging； Find ar the wall，as chilly as a tomb The Death＇s－胃lead moth was clinging
(Tho! mystic moth, which, with o. sci,
Of all unholy presence, augury truly
Gland with a grim significance flit y f ow hind the
The loper burning bluet


Such omens in the place there seemed to be, ${ }_{\zeta}$ Oft evi'y crocked tum, on on the londinco (The slimming eyeball was prepared to see Come Apparition standing.

Tr
If re over al! there hunch a cloud of fear E venge of mystery the spirit daunted, And fact, as plain as whisper in the car, (The place if

Eel no portentous Shape the Fath object plain, and tangible, But from their Eornigh'd And laces spectre - pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that ied Within the compass of setts simulation; (There souls were locking tho their painted eyes With awful speculation.

Oir evi'y lip a speechless horrol dwelt, On evr'y brow the burthe


Such earneri woe then feolures overcist.
\#nes might have stirrd, or siefj'd or wept, or spoken ;
But, sove the hollow moramid of the blajt, The siillness was unbroken


I- a finer found or stir of life was there Tr meed seeps in sultry clamber.
 chamber into chamber

Derenteci rooms of luxury That cid magnificence had richly furnigh'ct - $\sqrt{\text { a th }}$ pictures cabinets of ancient date. (Find comings gill and burnished

Rich hanginicy, storied by the needle':
WY:ith foripiuie hifisury , or classic fable:
But all had foaled, save ane rogered
Where (ain was slaying fits en?
(Whe silent wofte of mildew and the moth Rad marrd the tissue with a partial rovagie; But undecaying frewin'd upen the clath
fach feoture fien and savarge

Whe sky was pole; the cloud a thing of doubt, Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller But still the Bloody Manse shone strangely cut With vehemence of colour!

The Bivody fand that with a lurici rtcir.
Shone on the dusty fioor, o dimol tuteres
Drojected from the cajement'
STY/here all begide wos broken

Ghe Bloody Hannd risgyicant of crime EThot slaciing on the ded heroldic bamner, Ir add kept ity crimyon unimpoired by time, In such a wonderons manner

Der all there hung the shacluw of of ear. $\sim$ s sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said as plain as whisper in the ier, The place is


The Deaik Walch tick'd behirid the panell'd oak. Inexplicable tremory shook the array.
© And echoes sirance ond mystical awoke, Whe fonce to embarrass.

Picphetic hinty that filld the oul with dread,
Dut thro ane egloomy entronce pointines moftly. The, whule jame jecret ingpirotion jaid
(Ihat Thamber is The Byofly


Across the door no Egossomer festoon
Swing penclulcus - no web - no dusty fright,
$\pi$ silky chrysalis or white cocoon
5 About its nocks and homies.
(11) he spider shunned the interdicted room, The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banifh'ci. And where the sunbeam gel
The very midge had vanished

Dine lonely ray that glanced upon al Bed.
af with awful aim direct and cerate
(Bic) show the Blood Frond in burning
Fmberciderech on the curtain


Angl yet no gory fain wo on the quit t The pillow in its place had slowly rotted; File floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt, Those bocirdy elycurely protect.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubler to the grated casement
Oh what a tale they told of fear
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of niekht Tad coursed like hunted hare that cruel clytance? IPad sought the door, the window in his flight, Striving for dear existence?


CAlcross the sunbeam, and along the wall.
out painted on the air so very dimly, If hardly veil'd the tapestry at all, Or portrait frowning grimly

Oer all there hunes the Jhadow of a fecir.
AI senge of maystery the spirit dounted.
Annd said, os plain of whijper in the ear.



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PR Hood, Thomas The haunted house
H3
1896
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